

THE NIGHTINGALE.

THE ENCHANTED FEN.

My brother and I camped at Aga Fen,
With the Scouts of Newton and Cornard then,
By the Badger's Sett and the Fox's Den,
Where the Nightingale sang to his small brown hen.

The days were filled with activity and fun,
As we played in the meadow in the warm Spring Sun.
Or ran through the woods before day'd begun,
And sang round the fire when the day was done.

The nights were magic for a happy young boy,
When the Nightingale sang his song of joy.
And the Moon, so clear and bright and high,
Crossed her domain in the star spangled sky.

Clear in the cool, Moonlit night air,
Came the sound so exotic, pure and rare,
Of Heaven's pipes, with notes so fair,
As if the Great God Pan were there.

Slowly I opened the tent's slit door,
Gazed into the crystal night and saw,
The woodland meadow I'd seen before,
Now transformed by a coating of hoar.

The brilliant full Moon, high in the night,
Bathed the scene in a silvery light.
I returned to my bed, but try as I might,
I could not forget that remarkable sight.

Long into the wee small hours I lay,
Waiting for dawn and the start of the day.
Hoping the small bird would not go away,
But sing on and on in its sweet, haunting way.

Over the years, when the Moon is bright,
And the grass is frozen, crisp and white,
My mind goes back to that magic night,
When the Nightingale kept me awake till light.